

THE
COUNTRY SPY

OR A

Ramble thro' LONDON

CONTAINING

Many curious Remarks, diverting
Tales, and merry Joaks.



LONDON

Printed by R. Walker, for the Author; and
sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

Price One Shilling





PREFACE.

Curiosity, which tempted old Madam *Eve*, whereby a Curſe was intail'd upon Mankind, had almoſt prevail'd with me to viſit *London*, that grand *Emporium* of the Univerſe. But when I began to reflect upon the *Charges* of a tedious and irkſome Journey of two hundred Miles, the *Expences* that muſt neceſſarily accompany a thorough View of that *Metropolis*, and the Time that might probably be waſted in fruitleſs Enquiries; I ſay, when I had thoroughly weigh'd, and deliberately conſider'd theſe Circumſtances, I laid aſide all Thoughts of caſting my Eyes upon that unparallel'd City.

In

In this happy State I continu'd for several Years ; till a *Law-Suit* was commenc'd between one of my Neighbours and me, upon the most insignificant Reason that the Thoughts of Man could suggest ; yet we both were very obstinate, and resolv'd that a Jury should decide the Case.

This gave Birth to what my Curiosity could not Effect, for I was obliged to attend the Tryal of my Cause in *London*, which I did, and a Verdict was given on my Side. My Attorney, who was one of the Family of the *Sad-Dogs*, tho' *merry* enough upon proper Occasions, would not suffer me to return to the Country, untill I had taken a Survey of this *corrupt* Part of the World ; and I must needs own I did not want many Arguments to persuade me to a Thing which my Inclination prompted me
to

to see. I have therefore publish'd my *Observations*, during my preambulation thro' *London*, *Westminster*, and *Southwark*, which I hope may be advantageous to my Country Men on a *double Score*, namely, to entertain them during the long and tedious Winter Nights, and to caution them against their being ensnared in the Traps and Follies that are artfully laid to catch the *Unwary*. If I succeed herein, I shall not then think that I have wasted my Time, or grumble at the Pains I have taken, nor value my Expences upon this Account ; but shall be well satisfy'd if one single Person reaps any Benefit from thence.

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WHEN Attorneys have carried a Cause for their Clients, they expect an Invitation to the Tavern, as sure as a Lawyer does a Retaining-fee at the End of the Term; and tho' I look upon this as a gross Imposition, yet I thought a Compliance was more adviseable than a Refusal. Being therefore unwilling to break in upon this arbitrary Custom, (*least a worse thing might happen unto me*) I invited Mr. Serjeant Double-fee, and Mr. Paunch, who were my Council, *learned in the Law*, to sup with my Attorney and me, and to name the Place, and what they liked. The *Serjeant* chose a dozen of Larks, and Mr. *Paunch* said he could dispense with a couple of

B Fowls,

Fowls, and agreed to meet at the *Devil* by six a Clock.

I took my leave of them in order to bespeak a Supper, agreeable to their Palates; but as I was going out of *Westminster-hall*, I heard a Person express himself in the following Manner: *Well! if Lawyers go to Heaven, the most wicked Man upon Earth may entertain sure hopes of escaping old Satan's Clutches: These very Men came out of Hell this Morning, if any Credit may be given to their own Words, and have agreed to go to the Devil at Night.* Upon this I turned about, and saw a Person in an ordinary Habit, with a *Friday-face*, and a Body so thin, that I presently concluded he had that Day come out of *Bethlehem* or an *Hospital*. He presently came up to me, and said, Sir, *If you have any regard for the future Welfare of yourself and your Family, let me prevail with you to adjust the Difference between you and your Adversary, least you share the same unhappy Fate with me.* He then gave me the Detail of his Case, by which I understood that he had spent an Estate of One hundred and twenty Pounds *per Annum*, to recover a Legacy of sixty Pounds, which had been bequeathed to him by his Uncle; and that his Solicitor, who had purchased the Estate, would not proceed any further, because his last Bill remained unpaid. I was as much surprized at this Account, as the honest poor Man
was

was at my telling him I had finished my Law-suit in three Terms; and taking Compassion on his Sufferings, I desired him to Dine with me, and to shew me a House where we should be well entertained. He, with many Thanks, accepted my Offer, and conducted me to a Cook's, who was noted for his Civility, and dressed the best of every thing that was in Season.

I was astonished at our entering into the House, when I heard a Voice, which threatened Death and Destruction; but I soon recovered my Spirits, and could not refrain from laughing, when I knew the Cause of the terrible Uproar and Menaces that had happened in the Back-yard. It seems a *Scotch* Gentleman, returning from thence, was attacked by a *Goose*, who stretching out her Head, hissed at him; he resented this as a grand Affront, and being enraged at it, said, *'Sbread, Sar, gen ye ware a Mon, as ye are but a Cheeld, deek a me, gen I wod not steck my Derk into your Wem.* The Cook, who, contrary to most of his Profession, was not cholerick and fiery, pacified the *valiant Scot*, and thereupon we went up Stairs, and our Dinner was quickly brought to us. I had the Misfortune to be placed next to the *North-Briton*, who spent as much Time in scratching his Head, and thrusting up a Louse that often crawled out of his Shirt-sleeve, as others did in eating their Din-

ners. A Gentleman on the other Side of the Table, having made the same Observation that I had done, desired the shameless *Scot* to kill the *Louse*, and thereby prevent any future Offence to the Company; but he not regarding what was said, another presently replied, *I wonder how you can make such a Request; for that very Louse is the Laird of a Clan, and should his Blood be spilt, a hundred more would immediately march down to revenge his Death.* The Satire, I thought, was very justly applied; and *Sauny* perceiving that he was made the Jest of the whole Company, rose up in a Passion, and rolling his Eyes about, which seemed to dart Fire, said, *The curse of the Loord light upon you all, for a parcel of false Loons;* and thereupon he went out of the Room, leaving us to make our own Reflections.

SCOTCHMEN, said I, in general are false, treacherous, vain and deceitful; they have an Antipathy to *Swine* for no other reason, than that they rival them in *Nastiness*, and they hate *Jews* because they are as *fraudulent* as themselves. Not one in an hundred, when he has once turned his Back on his Country, has an Inclination to return, except it be those who have Estates, or who have acquired a large Portion of the good Things of this Part of *Great Britain*; and even then it is only done physically, that they may the better relish

relish the *Manna* of our *Canaan*, with which they had been surfeited before. Mr. *Cleveland*, in his Poems, says,

*Had Cain been Scot, God would have
chang'd his Doom ;
Not made him wander, but have sent him
Home.*

I have read, that when it was proposed, in the Reign of K. *William*, what Punishment should be inflicted on a certain *Scotfman*, who had merited Death, that King being willing to spare his Life, Banishment was proposed, and agreed to; but it took up some time, to consider of a proper Place, to which he should be banished. At last one of his own Countrymen gave his Opinion, that the Delinquent ought to be sent to the Place of his Nativity; who being informed of this Sentence, petitioned his Majesty, that he might be *hanged*, rather than be sent into his own Country. They are as *revengeful* as the *Polanders*, and will inhumanly stab a Man with as little remorse of Conscience, as if they had been naturally born and bred in *Italy*; and they are such Adept's in these mysterious Scenes of Iniquity, that it is a Question, hitherto undecided, whether they were taught by the *Italians*, or the *Italians* were instructed by them. One thing may be said in their favour, *That they love one another*; and truly so they ought to do, for
they

they are despised and abhorred by every other Nation under the Sun.

EVERY one declared his Opinion freely, and many Instances were given to corroborate what I have asserted: Thus we passed away a few Hours, and taking leave of my friendly Guest, I made him a small Present, paid for what we had, and hastened to the *Devil Tavern*, where I order'd a dozen of Larks, and two Fowls, to be ready at Six a Clock precisely.

FROM hence I went to an adjacent Coffee-house; and the first thing I cast my Eyes on, was an awkward Piece of Mortality, dressed in a Quaker-like Habit, and affecting the Air and slow Pace of a *Spaniard*. I sat down, and quickly perceived I had placed myself near a Company of *Temple-Beaux*, who spent more time in adjusting their *Toupees*, than in reading *Cook upon Littleton*. When they had sufficiently tired themselves and other Gentlemen with their frothy Discourse about Women and Fashions, they changed their Notes, and made themselves the Laughing-stocks of the whole Room, by entering into controversial Points of Law, debating such Things of which they were entirely ignorant. Mr. *Gravity*, whom I mentioned just now, (and who by the by, with a *non obstante* to his puritanical Countenance loves a young Girl in a Corner) gave them

a very gentle Reprimand, and demonstrated the Errors they had maintained: This irritated them to such a Degree, that the whole Kennel fell upon him with open Mouths. They called him a musty Fornicator, a Quack-Lawyer; told him that he had better return in time to his old Trade of *Bodice-making*, for *Christmas* was nigh at hand, and then a stop would be put to all Interlopers, whether *Tailors, Vintners, Weavers*, or other broken Tradesmen, who screening themselves under the Names of *Entering Clerks*, (tho' some of them could scarce write their own Names) had been the Ruin of many credulous Persons.

IN this manner they proceeded, when I retired to the other End of the Room, and joined myself to some Gentlemen, who were very pleasant and facetious. Among the rest there was an *Hibernian*, who as confidently denied his Country, as *Peter* did his Master, tho' his Speech plainly declar'd that he was a Native of *Ireland*. Their Topicks were the strange and unaccountable Occurrences in Nature; Variety of Instances were produced, and when it came to this Gentleman's turn to speak, he entertain'd us with that which follows; *Of all the living Creatures that God ever put Breath into, an Eel lives the longest out of the Water, after it is dead; and this I affirm upon my own Knowledge and Experience.* As he was simply modest (which is more per-

haps

haps than can be said of all his Countrymen) and had the Appearance of a Gentleman, the Company used him with more Respect than to laugh at him, but however they could not forbear smiling. Sir, said I, if it be no Offence, I would desire to know the Place of your Nativity. I was born, says he, in Staffordshire, where dere ish a Mansion-houshe for me and my Predecessors after me. To this I reply'd, By the Shibolet of your Tongue you appear to me to be an Irishman; and I am very much mistaken, if you and I were not born and bred up in the County of Monaghan. By my Should, said the Teaguelander, you are very must wide off the Mark, for it was in the good Town of Killkenny, where dere ish Water without Mud, Air without Fog, Fire without Smoak, and all the Streets are paved with Marble indeed.

NOT being able to contain myself any longer, I withdrew to consider what Reasons could be given by the *Irish* for denying their Country. They who are descended from *English* Parents, are generally well shaped, well educated, and have a natural way of gaining the Affections of the Fair Sex; insomuch that an *English* Woman will marry an *Irish* Man, tho' he has no Fortune, much sooner than she will wed one of her Countrymen, who is worth ten thousand Pounds. The *Irish* have generally large Limbs, and our Ladies, perhaps, may conclude from thence, that every other

Part

Part is of a proportionable Size: This may be a Reason why they are so successful in their Address; and one of them very justly observed, that tho' there was no great Allurement in their Faces, yet they had something about them that was very engaging. *Irishmen* have Silver Tongues, and Iron Hearts; but they maintain the Prerogative, which was given them by Heaven, of being *Lords over all*; for if they permit their Wives to be *Cap*, they reserve to themselves the superiority of being *Button*. They are addicted to *Flattery*, and talk much of their Estates, even tho' they have not an Acre of Land in the World; and he, who pins his Faith upon their Assertions, may have cause to repent of his Credulity. Pride and Vain-glory are as naturally inherent in them, as Fraud in a *Jew*, or Avarice in a *Dutchman*; and they are as saucy and unmannerly as a *German Boor*; however, they can faun and cringe like a *Frenchman*, when it is compatible with their Interest.

WITH these Speculations I amused myself, till a Porter interrupted me, who was sent to acquaint me that Supper was ready, and the Gentlemen waited for me. I paid for my Dish of Coffee, but had scarce time to pay my Compliments to my Lawyers, before the Table was covered with a Dish of Larks, and two Dishes of Fowls, in each of which there was half of dozen. I

was much surprized at such a Profusity of Meat; but I soon found to my *Cost*, that we had not more than was eaten; for Mr. *Pannch* quickly devoured eleven of the Fowls. He heard that I had ordered but a Couple to be dressed; but he said that it was a Mistake, and gave Directions for a dozen of the largest that could be procured. I proposed to have spent a Guinea; but it happened very well that I had recruited my Purse that Morning, otherwise I should have found it a difficult Matter to discharge the Reckoning; the Particulars of which are as follow.

Bill for the *Cormorant*.

	<i>l. s. d.</i>	
Bread and Beer	0 1 0	
Oil and Vinegar	0 2 0	Not a drop used
Wine —	5 0	} <i>French Wine,</i> as they called it.
One doz. of Fowls	3 0 0	
		} May he that eat most, never eat any more.
Two doz. of Larks	0 5 0	} Not worth 6 <i>d.</i> in the Coun- try.
Porter —	0 0 6	
		} Earned in the space of two Minutes.

Total 4 13 6

I must needs own, this Extravagancy gave me so much Uneasiness, it often interrupted my Sleep; but I resolved to retrieve it in some Measure, by limiting my daily Expences for the future. But alas! how often does the most frivolous Temptations allure us to break what we most firmly purpose to perform! I designed not to have stirred out of my Chamber all Day, but my Attorney came and invited me to dine at his House, and would not take a Denial. I yielded with much Reluctance, and about Three a-Clock he prevailed with me to go and hear a Friend of his preach that Afternoon, who having been a Chaplain in the Navy, was reduced to Half-pay, and therefore willing to earn Ten Shillings, by supplying the Place of a lazy Parson, who had spent so much of the precedent Week in Taverns and Coffee-houses, that he had not time to prepare a Sermon, when it came to his turn to mount the Pulpit.

THE Chaplain made an excellent Discourse, wherein he declaimed so pathetically against the luxurious Fashion of eating and drinking, that it would have mollified the most obdurate and stubborn Hearts; I therefore wished that our Nobility and prime Gentry were present. But when he descended to treat of Excess and Gluttony, (for his Transition was natural, easy and not strained) his Words

were so moving, they carried with them such an Energy, and he delivered them with such a peculiar Grace, that it was impossible for the most voluptuous Man to have withstood the force of his Arguments; and as he laid his Emphases in their proper Places, I would have given a Guinea that Mr. *Paunch* had been present, if it were only for the satisfaction I should have had in remarking his Behaviour. And yet after all, this very Man, who had spoke, methought, with the Tongue of an Angel; who had used so many Flowers of Rhetorick to dehort the Congregation from those Vices, which he plainly demonstrated to be greatly prejudicial to the Soul and Body, was the first Person who proposed to go to the Tavern.

ABOUT Ten a-Clock he sent for two more of the same Fraternity, as staunch Bottle-Men as ever were bred at *Oxford*; but considering it was *Sunday Night*, they very modestly withdrew about Twelve, and we remained till Two the next Morning. We were obliged, in good Manners, to conduct the Doctor home, who lodged in a Court in *Drury-lane*; and he endeavoured to persuade us to accept one Bottle from him, but we flatly denied it, and came away.

ABOUT Nine a-Clock, I took a Trip to *Southwark*; and in my Passage thither was
diverted

diverted with an odd Accident, in which tho' I can by no means approve the Lady's *Conduct*, yet I must acknowledge the manifested great Courage and Resolution. This young Gentlewoman was attacked by a Person in another Boat with what is called *Water-Language*; but she quickly silenced him by turning his own Cannon upon him: He was so much provoked at this, that unbuttoning his Breeches, he starts up on a sudden, and exposing in the most indecent Manner those *Parts* which ought to have remain'd concealed, he cried out with an exalted Voice, *To her, Towzer; To her, Towzer.* The young Creature, regardless of the Rules of Modesty, rises from her Seat, and unveiling the most tempting Part about her, replied, *Shake him, Shocky; Shake him, Shocky.* Thus having received a second Rebuff, and being foiled at his own *Weapon*, the Spark sheer'd off; and the Nymph, now sensible (tho' too late) of her inconsiderate Action, and touched to the Quick by having transgressed the Laws of Decency, fell into a Swoon,

WHEN I landed I walked up the *Borough*, where I saw nothing worthy a Remark, except a Herd of greasy Butchers, fatter than the Beasts they had slaughtered. Their Wives were comely, neat and clean, inclinable to be corpulent; for if I may judge of what Mould they were made, by their Eyes and Complexions, I may venture

ture to say, that they were not fed continually with Butcher's *Flesh*.

FROM hence I went into the *Hospitals*; and the first that saluted my Eyes were a *Groupe* of pert, tittering, pragmatical, half Gentlemen, who, as I have been since informed, are young Surgeons. Their Discourse was concerning their Amours, and they took a Pride in boasting the Favours they never had received; one bragged that he had lain with such a Merchant's Wife; another that he had enjoyed my Lady — but Pigmy (who verified the old Proverb, *Little and Loud*) was the forwardest of them all. He swore by Bell, Book and Candle, that he revelled away the last Night in the Arms of the Dutchess — But hark you, *Jack*, a Word in your Ear; *Dem me*, there is no trusting to these Persons of *Quality*, could you think it? her Grace has thanked me most damnably. Has she so? answered the other; and then the mighty Secret was revealed. One, who seemed to have more Gravity than the rest, said, *What Nature has denyed to that diminutive Species of Mankind, she has doubly recompenced with Impudence and Lies*: I saw him this very Morning come out of the most notorious Stew in the Hundred of Drury, and flinging his Arms about the Neck of a nasty draggled-tail Strumpet, said, *My Dear*, when shall I enjoy so much Happiness, as I was blessed with last Night? Pigmy, with the assurance

furance of a true-born *Irishman*, deny'd the Charge, and would have sworn it to be false, had not a stop been put to his premeditated Perjury, by an Alarm of *Here comes the Box*. Upon which they follow'd their Leader; and judging this to be a proper Opportunity, I address'd myself to the Person who had detected young *Pigmy*, and desir'd he would permit me to accompany him thro' the Wards: He very readily granted my Request; but how much was I amaz'd, when I saw the Figure of a Death's Head on every poor Patient's Shoulders! For to speak the Truth, each Face was so pale and wan, their Limbs so feeble, and their Bodies so thin, that I concluded, it was impossible for one of them to live twenty four Hours. And what gave me still more Uneasiness, and perhaps has shorten'd many a poor Creature's Life, was the rough Treatment they met with from the *Sisters* and *Nurses*. This Tyranny, together with what I had heard before, prompted me to make a stricter Enquiry than otherwise I might have done; and having discover'd those Houses, that are principally frequented by the Patients and Female Termagants now mention'd, I went thither, called for Plenty of Liquor, which I distributed among the unhappy Sufferers, and from what I had heard affirmed to be literally true, and to so much as my Eyes were Witnesses, occasion'd the following Reflections.

IF I may judge of a Sister by her *swearing, bullying, and domineering*, she is either the Wife or the Off-spring of a Dragoon; but by her *spunging and sucking* the very Vitals of those who come under her clutches, a Man would be apt to imagine she had sprung from the Loins of a *Bailiff* or his *Follower*, or that she was hatched by a *Camp Sutler*, who had been trod by a *Pay-Master Serjeant*. But be that as it will, it is allowed on all hands, that if the Proverb was not made for her, she was made for the Proverb, *Set a Beggar on Horse back, and he or she will ride to the Devil*. It would surfeit any Person in the World, who has any Taste or Relish, to see what an aukward Figure the Creature makes; how like a *Joan Dowse* the affected Animal appears, when she puts on her *Thursday or Holy-day* Cloaths; she apes the *Gentlewoman* in wearing *Silk*, but the clumsy Piece of Mortality looks more like a *Milk maid* or an *Oyster-woman*, tho' bedizen'd to the best Advantage. Nay, she must touch Quality, forsooth! and with unparrallel'd Impudence, will pretend to dance, and yet the best of her Performance is to hobble the *Cow's Courant*. She is something like the *Carrion-hunters*, vulgarly called *Undertakers*, who live by the Dead and not by the Quick; for when a Patient dies, she lays hands on all that he leaves behind, which she claims as her Due; and she would be well pleased if

if Death took away half the People of the Ward every Week, for others would supply their Places, and then fresh Fees would ensue. — Thus you have her Picture in Epitome, and should I pretend to draw it at full Length, it would require so much Room and Time, that it would be of little Signification, other than to save a sick Body or a squeamish Stomach, the Expence of half a Crown in a Purge or Vomit; for it is the most specifical *Emetic-Cathartic* that ever was known. *Probatum est.*

FROM hence I took a Walk to the Tower of London, but in my Perambulation was interrupted at Billingsgate, by a Mob who were very attentive in listening to the Peals of Thunder, that proceeded from the Mouths of two of *Juno's* Nymphs. At last one of them cried out, *The Union is bracken How*, said I, *the Union broken? Tea in troth*, replied the *Scotch Lads*, for *she calls me a Scottish Bitch, an aw the World kens Ise a North Brute*. I suppose she meant a *North Briton*. Well, says I, *I wish there were but two such Women as ye are in the World, and I had them both*. For Heaven-sake, Master, says one that stood by, *what woul you propose to do with them?* To which I answer'd, *I would give the Devil one to carry away the other*. This created an universal Laughter, and put a stop to the Fury of their Tongues; and as if there had been a mutual Compact between them, they call-

ed me a thousand *Country Puts*, (for I had a *Grazier's Coat*, an old *Hat and Wig*, and *Boots*, which I thought suited best with my *Ramble*) and prepared to fall upon me with *Tooth and Nail*; but finding I should pull an old *House* on my *Head*, if I tarried any longer, I very fairly retreated, and at last got into the *Tower*.

HAVING taken a View of the *Beasts* that are kept there, tho' not to be compared to those I met with afterwards, I was going forward to see other *Curiosities*, when a *Fellow* with a *Bonnet* on his *Head*, and a *Ribbon* dangling down (which I at first took to be a *Fool's Cap*) dressed in an antic *Habit*, looking as burly as if he had had a *Fardingal* about his *Loins*, seized me by the *Arm*, and imperiously demanded, *Where I was going?* I made him this Answer, *I am going to see what is worth Observation in this Place.* *Why then*, reply'd *Jaek in an Office*, *I must go with you*; and so he conducted me to the *Armory*. The Sight of the large *Bomb-Mortar*, and the long *Cannon*, called *Queen Elizabeth's Pocket-pistol*, being placed opposite to it, stirred up a waggish *Thought*, which I had *Prudence* enough to conceal. We then went up stairs, where the *Men* who were making, mending, and cleaning the *small Arms*, brought to my Remembrance the Account we lately had of demolishing the *Harbour of Dunkirk*; for two industrious *Workmen* would have

have done more in one Day, than twenty of them did a Week ; for it may be truly said of them in a literal Sense, that *they played with their Work*. The Order, in which the small Arms were ranged, some making the Figure of the *Sun*, others of a *Gorgon's Head*, and some representing a large *Organ*, here a *Star*, and there a *Star and Garter*, but oh ! no *Axe* near it, with various other Forms, captivated my Senses ; and I must own I was ravish'd with the Sight of the *Horse-Armour*. Observing some Ladies to walk before me, I went forward, and joined them, among whom I saw a young Creature, eaten up with the *Vapours* and *Green-Sickness*. She had been married, poor Soul ! to a wealthy Merchant, who in three Months had done very little else than snore by her all Night ; and she, tender Heart ! being willing to *do* as her Mother had *done*, was advised truly to stick a *Pin* in the Cod-piece of *Harry VIII.* and after that she would conceive, and *bring forth Fruit meet for Repentance*.

THE Wardour, on a sudden, lift up the Piece of Armour that reached to the King's Knees, which discovered the Representation of what the young Lady wanted ; it had such an effect upon her, (whether *real* or fictitious, I will not pretend to determine) that she fell in a Swoon, with these Words in her Mouth, *ay, ay, That, That.* I am apt to believe there was a *Snake in the*

Grafs; for her Companions ran away, blushing no doubt at what they had seen, but would much rather have felt, had it been fit for their purpose, the Door was opened, and a brisk, handsome, young Gentleman in *Scarlet* took the *Sham-Innocence* in his Arms, who quickly recovered her Senses, and tript away with him much nimbler than might have reasonably been expected. In the space of a Quarter of an Hour the other *Babes of Grace* returned, and pretending to be ignorant of what had passed, *seemed* mightily concerned that they knew not which Way the Lady was gone; then giving the Wardour a *Crown*, they were in no great haste to get out of the *Tower*. Their liberality, together with their leaving their Companion so abruptly, and for such a space of Time, confirmed my Suspicion; what passed between the *Officer* and his *Captive*, I know not; but I am of Opinion he administered something to her which may be called *the Sick Lady's Cure*; for I saw her standing at her Door the same Day, with a Countenance much altered for the better.

I went from the *Tower* to *White-Chappel*, where I saw such a Number of Sheep-Carcasses, that I thought they intended to victual all the Town. The Wind being in the Northerly Point, I was almost poisoned with the smell of *Onions*, *Leeks* and *Garlick*, from an adjacent Quarter; and asking one

one of the Neighbours, if there was not a Colony of *Taylor*s and *Welshmen* thereabouts, he answered in the Negative; but told me, that the *French* had obtained a Plantation about three hundred Yards distant from the North-side of the Street. The *French*, said I? Sure such a Concession was not made one of the *private Articles* of the Peace. He told me, he could not say any thing to that Point, for he was not a *Statesman* or *Privy-Counsellor*; but informed me at last, that they were *French Refugees*, who had fled hither for the sake of *Religion*, or as others said, for the sake of *English Beef* and *Mutton*. He added, that they paid a small Rent for their House, few Taxes, and something given them yearly to support them; by which means they undersold our *English Tradesmen*, who chose to change Countries with them, rather than perish in a *Jail* at home. This, thought I, is an odd way of requiting a Kindness, to trip up a Man's Heels is a sure way of quitting all Scores with him; and if this is their way of Proceeding not a Man in *Spittlefields* shall ever take a Penny of my Money.

THE next thing I did was to take a Survey of *Bethlehem*, and I must confess, that those *Lunatics* in Confinement have this Advantage over us *Lunatics* at Liberty, that they find a Pleasure in their *Phrenzy*, and we a Torment in our Reason. I dis-
coursed

coursed for some time with three or four of the Women, who were allowed to walk in the Gallery; and I verily believe what one of them asserted, because I heard it confirmed by others, *viz.* That many an unhappy innocent Creature has been decoyed thither, and then put into a dark Room, and nothing but Straw to lie on, whose Senses were sound and perfect before they were locked up, and used as if raving Mad. Oh! says one of them, they make People *Frantick* whether they will or no; they whip, bleed, purge and starve them out of their *Wits*; and then they starve, bleed and whip 'em into them again. Now let me tell you, Countrymen, he that is cast down a Precipice, if he survives the Fall, will find it a difficult Matter to climb up again. What I have told you is my own Case; and I was decoyed hither because I had a Fortune, and resolved to marry the Man I loved; but my Relations not approving the choice I had made, found means to have me secured in this Place, and now spend the Money, to which no just Claim can be made. It is a folly to complain; for if we talk ever so rationally, then our *Keepers* cry out, it is only so in their *Intervals*, at other Times they are raving mad, and can scarce be mastered. Thus the Governours are imposed on, and we abused.

My

My Curiosity was now abated ; and not knowing but that I might also be trepanned in the like Manner, I hastened to the Gate ; and thanking my Stars for a safe Deliverance, made a firm Resolution never to re-enter into *Bethlehem* again ; which I am determined to keep most inviolably.

ABOUT twelve a Clock I came to the *Royal Exchange*, the richest Acre of Land in the Universe, for it produces no less than Four thousand Pounds *per Annum*. Here Bargains are made without Money, and Debts contracted that will never be paid: One Tradesman takes Goods from another upon Credit for six Months, and becomes a Bankrupt before five of them are expired. Thus, by the artful Knavery of one Miscreant, many Families, who trust to each others Payment, are unexpectedly reduced to the Condition of Beggars.

By this time I was pretty much fatigued, and retiring to one of the Walks in order to give my wearied Limbs some rest, I was almost suffocated with the smell of *Brimstone*, when a Gentleman advised me to take care of sitting on the Bench, or leaning against the Pillars that support the Roof over it, lest I might have occasion to remember the Place as long as I lived ; for this, said he, is the *Scotch Walk* ; I thanked him, and followed his Counsel,

Counsel, remembering the *Scotch* Motto, *Nemo me impunè laceffit*; which in *English* signifies, *Give me your Hand, and I will give you the Itch*. As I was apprehensive that the very Air of that Walk might prove infectious, I resolved to take a Gill of generous Wine by way of Antidote; but as I had no mind to buffle through the Croud in the Square, I went thro' the adjoining Walk, where I saw a parcel of outlandish two-legg'd Creatures, with a Gross or two of Plate Buttons on their Cloaths, a size larger than Duck Shot: I could not understand a Word of their Jargon; and if they were in my Country, they would be looked upon as Monsters, with some Limbs of a human Creature joined to their mis-shapen Carcasses; upon Enquiry I was told they were *Danes* and *Norweigeans*.

HAVING drank a Glas of Mountain, to drive away the *Scotch Pestilence*, I went to *Garraway's Coffee-house*, and placed myself by one of the greatest *Stockjobbers* that comes into the *Alley*. I knew what Mettle he was made of, but took no notice of him; and I had scarce called for a Dish of Chocolate, when I perceived that he had an Inclination to have a fling at me, which was his Custom with every body; for he fancied himself to be a great *Wit*, and took Delight in exposing other Mens Foibles. *Honest Countryman*, says he, *how goes Cattle in the Country?*

Country? I answer'd, as they use to go, upon four Legs. But, replied he, I mean, what Price do they bear? How do you buy and sell? Even as you Folks here in London do, says I, we buy as cheap, and sell as dear as we can. He seemed to be a little nettled at my blunt and odd way of Expression; however he asked another Question or two, hoping to find an Opportunity of being even with me, but he missed his aim. Prithee, tell me, says he, what will a fat Ox, or a good Horse bring? and what do Sheep bear? Why truly, Master, our Sheep bear good Wool, a good Horse will bring his Provender, and a fat Ox will bring as much Money as he is able to stand under—provided it be fastened on his Back. This drew the Eyes of all the Company upon us, who at last burst out into an open Laughter, but still Mr. Stockjobber would not let it rest there. He resolved to have t'other bout with me, which I feigned to avoid, on purpose to make him the more eager to be at it. Come, come, says he, you Countrymen are like Wolves in Sheep-cloathing; you counterfeit Ignorance, and mimic Simplicity; but he that hangs you for a Fool, may find a Knave in the Halter. Do you speak that, Master, said I, of your own Head? Well, well, says he, you may think I am an Ass in a Lyon's Skin, but — Here I interrupted him, and said, Thoughts are free, and I assure you, Master, whatever you may have of the Ass, I do not think that any part of the Lyon belongs to you. This

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dumb-founded him at once; this *Cock of the Game* was cut down at last, yet still he would have one rising Blow. One Question more, and I have done; *What News do you bring to Town?* Nothing, said I, that is very material; I saw a House on fire yonder, (pointing towards Stratford, where his Country-Seat was) and no Body lent a helping hand to extinguish the Flames, because the Owner was hated by all his Neighbours, and they said he had Money enough to build and furnish another. 'Oons, says he, 'tis my Country-house; I must hasten thither, and save what I can: But, honest Friend, how did you leave the Fire? Why, faith Sir, I left it behind me, and so made the best of my Way to London. Away he goes, takes a Coach, and giving Direction to the Fellow, ordered him to spare no Horse-Flesh. Fire is a dreadful thing, says one Gentleman; very lamentable, says another: I could not forbear smiling, which occasioned one of them to ask me, whether I had spoke in Jest or in Earnest. Truly Sir, said I, if you speak in relation to the Fire, then I must own I know not any thing of the Matter; but I think it is not unreasonable that he should dance to the same Tune which he has so often played to others. He has sent many a Man of a Fool's Errand, and now I have sent him on one. I then called for a Dram of Brandy, paid a Shilling, for I knew the Custom of the House, and stepp'd into the Alley.

HERE

HERE I met with *Jews* and *Infidels*, *Papists* and *Anabaptists*, *Quakers* and *Independents*, *Presbyterians*, *Churchmen* and *Parsons*; a Medley or Hotch potch of all Sorts of Religions, Sects and Heresies. Tho' many might have been baptized, I do not think there were above two *Christians* among them, and those were an old Woman, who sells Pamphlets and News-Papers, and a crippled *Lazarus*, who begged hard, but could not obtain a *Crumb*. He was sure to gain most Applause, who was dextrous in the diabolical Art of *Biting* and *Outwitting*, which are cant Words, used by Stock-Jobbers, for *cheating* and *couzening*; and every one endeavours to become a Master of the Science. I was heartily vexed to see any *Parsons* associate themselves with such a Generation of Vipers, but I quickly perceived they were as deep in the *Suds* as others in the Mire, and that they had the *Paws* of a *Bear*, and the *Claws* of an *Harpy*. I was in great hopes at first that they had come hither with no other View than to demand the Tythe of what was produced, but I had imbibed a wrong Notion; for they were Men of Traffick, who loved the *good Things of this World* as well as their Neighbours, and rather than fail thereof would make Merchandize of their Consciences. It is no wonder, thought I, to see the Flock err and go out of the *right Path*, when the Shepherds themselves run astray;

they leave their Cure of Souls to cure their own itch of Avarice, but they follow a wrong Method, for the more they drink to assuage their *Thirst*, the more they encrease the *Fever*, till at last it bursts forth into an inextinguishable Flame.

ARE not such Men a Scandal to their Profession! a Burlesque to Religion! a Stumbling-block of Offence to tender Consciences! And yet these very Men, who thus sacrifice their Time, their Reputation, (two of the most inestimable Jewels) nay, even their Souls to *Mammon*, will declaim against Covetousness, preach the necessity of Alms-giving, the wonderful Virtues of Charity, tho', if we may judge of Mens Principles by their Actions, which is the surest Way to come to a Knowledge of them, they believe not one tittle of the Matter.

My Meditations were broke off by confused Shout and Clamour from the other End of the *Alley*; the *Jews* take more delight in cheating one another, than in defrauding a Christian, and whenever this happens, they buz it about the *Alley*, till at last the poor circumcised Animal becomes the ridicule of every *Bite* that frequents that Place. *Moses* had sold a *Bear* to *Levi*; that is, for the Receipt of so much Money in hand, he was obliged to deliver *South-Sea* Stock to his Brother in Iniquity,

Iniquity, on a Day limited, according to the Price it should then be sold at, or else to pay the Difference in Specie. *Levi* demands the Performance of the Contract; *Moses* laughs at him, and whispers in his Ear, *I am Insolvent*, but publickly denies any such Bargain. This getting Wind, drew most People then present to the Dispute that arose between them, who hooted *Levi* so much, that he was forced to shift from one Place to another; but this Farce had well nigh terminated in a Tragedy. For an unlucky Rogue having procured a Piece of *Bacon*, fastened a Piece of Packthread at each End, and, undiscovered, flung it over *Levi's* Head, and it hung under his Chin. Such a Proceeding was resented by every *Jew*; but as they could not fix it upon any particular Person, they were obliged to pass by the Affront; and *Levi*, being now made unclean, was compelled to retire and purify himself.

STOCK-JOBBERs are the Locusts, the Grasshoppers, that destroy the Fruits of Industry and Labour; like their Master, *Satan*, they seek daily whom they may devour; they are professed Enemies to every Trade, Art and Science but their own, which is a *Canker* to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Country in which they are suffered to reside. They care not if a thousand Families were ruined every Day, provided they could get but twenty Shillings

lings by every one of them; they are equal Strangers to Pity and Compassion as they are to Honesty and Plain-dealing, and have as little regard to the Cries of the Orphan and the Widow as to the Dirt of their Shoes. They idolize the *golden Calves*, because they were cast in the same Mould, and are strict Disciplinarians and Followers of *Jeroboam*; and yet they have *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*; *Faith* to believe that they ought to get Money, no matter how or which Way; and this is the principal Article of their *Credenda*; their *Hope* exists in finding Persons proper for their turn, that is, such who having little Sense and abundance of Money, may be easily *bit* by these insatiable two-legged Monsters; their *Charity* begins at *home*, and there it will end; for they are such pious Devils, that they will not let their Left-hand know the Works of their Right-hand. They are common Sharpers, publick Tricksters, and it may be justly said, that they have caused more People to perish in the *South Sea* than were swallowed up in the *Red Sea*; and if our *British* Parliament does not deliver us in time from the Oppression of those *Pharaoh's*, by putting a stop for ever to their unjustifiable and baneful Proceedings, *Miserere mei* ought to be wrote on every Man's Door.

THE sight of so many vile Stratagems,
and scandalous Methods of trepanning,
cheating

cheating and defrauding, which I saw in *Change Alley*, rendered the Place so odious and distasteful to me, that I purposed to leave the City, that detestable Sink of Corruption, Fraud and Imposition, and take a View of the other End of the Town; but before I could accomplish my Design, a Shower of Rain obliged me to take shelter in a Coffee-house. At one End of the Room there were a *Welsh* Politician, a *Scotch* Dancing-Master, an *Irish* Beau, an *Essex* Squire, a *Cornish* Virtuoso, and an *Upstart* Captain, who had quitted his Trade, and purchased a Commission. The Gentleman of *Wales* having talked much, but not one Word to the purpose, produced a long Scroll of Parchment, which contained, as he said, the Genealogy of a certain *Great Man*, deducing his Pedigree from *Nimrod*; adding, that he had often been consulted, and his Advice taken in the most arduous and critical Affairs of the Nation. This he spoke in as intelligible *English* as he was capable. I asked him, if he or the *Great Man* had such a knack in Politicks, how it came to pass that the Schemes which had been projected did not meet with universal Applause? This put him into a brown Study, and finding that he could not give a pertinent Answer, I said, that as every one desired to be esteemed a *Patriot*, a true Lover of his Country, he could not give plainer Demonstration of it, than by proposing a sure and certain Method by which

which the Nation's Debts could be paid, and I would undertake to prove that such a Thing might be effected within the space of five Years. Hereupon he arose, and coming up to me, said, honest Countryman, if you are positive in what you have affirmed, I will introduce you to the *Great Man*, and he shall lay it before the Parliament; and no doubt but you will be well recompensed for your Project. Having thus hooked the *Chub*, I said with an audible Voice, I desire no Recompence; I would willingly see my Country discharged from Taxes and all other Incumbrances, and not add to the heavy Burthen she stoops under, by adding more Weight on the Pre-*tence of Recompensing*: Besides, why should I beat the Bush, and another catch the Game. But to shew you, I have no Self-Interest herein, I will mention my Proposal, and leave you to judge whether it be feasible. I would have an Act made, wherein a Tax should be laid upon Whoring, *toties quoties*, and that Persons of all Ranks, Male and Female, should be liable thereunto; and further, that a compleat Register should be kept in every Parish in *North and South Britain*, and Principality of *Wales*, where Accounts should be constantly entered, and punctually delivered within the space of twenty-four Hours after the Commision of every act of Fornication and Adultery, on the penalty of forfeiting, not Life, but *Member*. Now, Sir, said

I, what do you think of this Method? I think, said he, taking out his Pocket-Book, and writing down what I had spoke, it is the best Project that has ever been brought upon the Carpet. He then order'd the Boy to call a Coach, and believing he designed to communicate this *wonderful* Discovery to his *Great Man*, and having rais'd his Expectation to the summit, I determin'd to let him drop down on a sudden. Sir, said I, you are hastening away before I have concluded; now, tho' this may be done, consider the Inconveniences which may attend it; should this pass into a Law, think you not that most of our *Nobility* would be reduced to *private* Gentlemen, and our *Gentlemen* to *Beggars*? To this he made no Reply, but looked as if he had received a Thunder-stroke. By my Shoul, bunny, says Beau Clumsey, *de Velsh Man is catched in his own Trap, indeed.* Ara, Joy, *who ever heard of a Politician of that Country? Fait, dey be ash awkward in such Tings, ash a Scotchman in dancing, or an Essther Squire in a rich Suit of Cloaths.* Having thus shot his Bolt, the North Briton and Squire Calf's head were about to attack him, but were prevented by the former's asserting, that there were as compleat dancing Masters in his Country as in *France*; and that he could play on the *Fiddle* better than any Man in every other Part of the Kingdom. This the *Welsh* Politician, who, I should have told you, was a Parson, looked

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upon as an Invasion on a Branch of his Prerogative, and therefore offered to play with him for five Pounds, which Dispute created a new Quarrel, but Captain *Bluff*, laying his Hand on his Sword, bullied them into pacifick Measures, swearing that if any Man offer'd to disturb the Company, and break the Peace of our Sovereign Lord, and so forth, he would make the Sun shine through their Bodies. He then recounted the Battles he had been in, the Sieges he had been at, and the Wounds he received, tho' he had never seen the Face of an Enemy. To my Knowledge, says a Gentleman, the *Captain* behaved himself gallantly, *en Cavalier* ; for when we were obliged at a certain time to retreat, the *Captain* did not turn his Back, 'till he had three Cannon balls in his Breeches which he brought with him. How, Sir, said I ! three Cannon-balls ? pray explain yourself. He was then, continued the Gentleman, an Ensign in the Train'd-bands ; three Balls were painted on the Colours, which he took from the Staff, and placed where I have mention'd, and the Battle or Mock-fight was at *Oliver's Mount*, and it was previously agreed that we should quit the Honour of the Field, and leave it to our Opposers. The *Captain* could not stand the Charge ; he fled, and ignominiously deserted his Company.

THE

THE 'Squire boasted much of his Kennel of Hounds, his *Fox-Dogs* and his *Harriers*; and was not ashamed to say, that his Family were famous, from Generation to Generation, for breeding the *greatest* Calves in *Essex*: Nobody would offer to contradict him, because they had a *visible Proof* of it before their Eyes.

THE *Virtuoso* harangued upon *Fossils*, and other Curiosities of Nature, both animate and inanimate; particularly of those extraordinary *Gugaws* and *Insignificant Rarities* that were removed from *Gresham College* to the House of the *Royal Society* in *Crane-Court* in *Fleetstreet*. He told us, that he had never been so unhappily disappointed, as he was one Day by a *Log* in a *Doublet* called a *Miller*; for he had given an hundred Pounds (tho' it was not an hundred part of the Value of the Thing) to a Person who informed him of an *Hen-Fen-Cricket*, whose Haunts were near the River-side, a little above *Wandsworth Bridge*. Upon this Discovery, he was booted and spurred in a trice, and mounting his Horse, away he scoured, lest any of the *Fraternity* should be there before him. When he came to the Place he alighted, and tied the Bridle of his Horse to a Tree, and falling immediately on his Hands and Knees, clapped his Ear to the Ground, and listened with attention, till

at last he heard the Harmony of that Insect, which, when he had caught it, he would not part with for the charming *clink* of a thousand Guineas. This put him into many extraordinary Motions, and made him dance as the Sound guided him, upon *all-four*. A Boy peeping out of the Mill suspected him for a Madman, and ran and told his Master, who fearing he intended to drown himself, carried down some Cords, in order to bind him, and save him from so doing. When the *Miller* approached the *Cricket* had just done singing; he fretted and raved, and told him he had hindred him from catching a *Thing*, worth at least a thousand Guineas. This confirmed the *Miller's* suspicion of his having lost his Senses, who watched a proper Opportunity of securing him: Then putting down his Ear again, hark, *Miller*, said he, again, there it is: Oh, how harmonious is the Musick! Hark, hark, a Crown, ten Shillings if you can catch it. Just as he had spoke these Words, the *Miller*, throwing a Noose over his Shoulder, fastened his Arms to his Waist, and said, Now, Master, I have caught it, and will have ten Shillings for carrying you home to your Friends. The *Miller* having picked out of his Discourse where he lived, laid the *Mad Gentleman*, as he called him, on his own Horse, and mounting behind him, conveyed him, like a *Calf* before him, to *Chelsea*; and asking which was the *Mad-house*, was directed to

to the *Nicky-Nackatory*, and the Master happening to stand at the Door, the *Miller* told him, he ought not to let his Madmen loose, but lock them up; and then he related what had happened. This drew all the Company to the Door. One, who was wiser than the rest, and came to be a Spectator of their Follies, gave the *Miller* ten Shillings, at which he departed, and left the *Virtuoso* as great a publick Jest to them, as he was to all that heard him relate this Tale of the wonderful *Hen-Fen-Cricket*.

I remember the Time, when to bestow upon a Man the nice and delicate Appellation of a *Virtuoso*, was going to the highest Title that the rarest of the *Beaux Esprits* were fond of; and yet really that Name as it goes now a-days (unless when applied to a Friend, a little too curious about Matters of no great Importance, with an Air of Raillery and Banter) signifies little better than a *Knave* or a *Fool*. I must own, for my part, they are the first Ideas that bear that injured Word Company, in the thinking Part of my Head, as soon as the Sound of it has made its Way through my Ears. These *Virtuoso's* (as they are now called) have been hitherto considered in a more favourable View than any Set of People that ever deserved ill at any Hands, which are able for *Satyr*. The Fools of that Profession have been often
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taken to Task by many Writers, but the Way to go to the Root, and to cut the growing Mischief quite and clean off, is to fall upon the Professors and Masters of Artifice and Guile, that swim like *Sharks* in Oceans of Giddiness, Distraction and Folly, to devour and make a Prey of the Fools that sport there. A sharpening Gamester is an innocent Thief in comparison of a sharpening *Virtuoso*; not only the Folly of the loser has been exposed, as to Gaming, but the Dangers of being cheated by Cards and Dice have been touched upon by many, and stand generally notified. But in this Case only the Folly of the losers have been ridiculed, which they value not at all, but look upon their Accusers as senseless People, and tasteless of the Works of Nature, while they are vainly amused and drawn to proceed by a fly over-reaching Fellow, who calls himself one of them, and yet maintains his Character as an ingenious Man, because he has got, perhaps, into tolerable Esteem in the World by understanding pretty well some other Profession, as *Mathematicks*, *Physick*, *Natural Philosophy*, &c. Let it therefore be no longer a Riddle to the illiterate *Virtuoso's*, but let them cease to wonder why a great many of them are laughed and pointed at as Fools for laying out their Fortunes upon *dry'd Butterflies*, *speckled Adders*, or any other Insects preserved in Spirits of Wine, while at the same time some of the

Chief

Chief among them, that are Men of *Wit*, seem so vastly prodigal in their Purchase of the like trifling Curiosities, and yet preserve entire their Reputation for Ingenuity. Do these Disciples ever see these prodigal Masters of theirs grow poor? Or rather, do they not thrive upon these seeming Expences? These wily Wretches, the leading *Virtuoso's* of the Age, by unheard of kinds of Stratagems, have made a tyrannical Usurpation, and arrogated to themselves, with *lawless Power*, a sovereign Dominion over the Minds of the Ignorant; and now they have got to Lord it at large over the Senses of the weaker and wealthier Part of Mankind. What Man, that is a Man of any tolerable Understanding and common Sense, would not be cunning enough to give thirty or forty Guineas for a fine *Adder*, *Toad*, or what you will that is more insignificant, if he full well knows, that he had made himself *Cocksure* of having fourscore for it every Day he lived, from some ignorant and wealthy Person? This Art is an upstart kind of Deceit that succeeded *Alchymy*, when the Jest of that was grown stale, and would take no longer; and if what I have already said is not sufficient to convince any Man, who is not of so bad a Temper, as will not permit him to be cured of this *Itch* of curious Folly, I shall say no more, than advise him to reflect on the Person who

was

was sent by the *Virtuoso Biter* of a Fool's Errand after the *Hen-Fen-Cricket*.

FROM hence I went to another Coffee-house at *Charing-Cross*; and the first thing I heard was a Volley of Oaths, that proceeded from the Mouth of a *Colonel*, who cursed his Agent, and swore he was the greatest Villain upon Earth. Look here, *said he*, to one of his Officers, this damn'd Dog charges me with no less than One hundred and fifty Pounds paid by my Order at several times to one *Ditto*; and yet upon my Honour I never heard of the Name before, nor do I know whether this *Ditto* be Man, Woman or Child. I laughed at the Folly of the Man, and I think if every Officer and Soldier was as ignorant as this *Colonel*, no Man need be under any Apprehension of Danger, or make himself uneasy to a *Standing Army* of Fifty thousand Men.

GOING a little forwarder a Dispute arose between two other Officers, the one *Irish*, the other *Scotch*; the latter affirmed that the *Irishmen* had more Assurance and Impudence than all other Nations put together. The latter, who was a facetious Man, said, that he could produce one *Scotchman* of the others Acquaintance, who had more Impudence than twenty *Irishmen*, and pointed at a two-handed awkward Wretch, who had been a *Dissenting Preacher*, then turn'd
Apothecary,

Apothecary, afterwards he set up for a *Surgeon*, and then commenced *Man-Midwife*; and, in short, appeared in as many Shapes as *Proteus* is said to have put on. *Damn the Villain*, said the *Scot*, *I keen him well, but Deel tauke me gen I e'er thought on him : in geud troth he hauth mere Impudence than aw the People of Ireland.*

ON a sudden there was a profound Silence for some time, occasioned by the coming of a *Lyon*; which, as I was soon informed, is a Species of Mankind that is kept in pay by a *Great Man*, to find out and discover to him such Persons as spake any thing against him, or find fault with his Conduct. These *Lyons* frequent all Places, and thrust themselves into all Companies, and if they cannot hear any thing that makes for their Purpose, then they begin to rail at the *Great Man* with a design to trapan the unwary. But Heaven has thought proper to set a peculiar Mark upon them, as the other scandalous part of the Creation, I mean the *Bailiffs*; and they are so well known, that every Body avoids them.

UPON this Information I quitted the Room, and went to *St. James's*; I had not stood long at the Gate, when I heard a Noise, *Make way, make way, there* : And seeing some Men in scarlet Cloaths, laced with Gold, and Truncheons or short Staffs

in their Hands, clearing the Passage, I presently concluded the *King* was coming. I saw a Person alighting from his Coach, and was going to say, *God bless your Majesty*, but happily for me the Words stuck in my Throat; had I given them utterance, and it had come to the Ears of Mr. A—y, I am apprehensive I should have been arraigned for *High-Treason*, if *Innuendoes* and patched-work Pieces of *Sophistry*, instead of Law and Reason, could have influenced a *Fury*.

I strictly observed the Mein, the Air, and the Behaviour of this *Great Man*; how he was cringed to and fawned upon by his *Betters*; he bowed to one, smiled on another, nodded his Head to a third, spoke to a fourth, and shook Hands with a fifth; received Petitions from some, and denied others, doing one thing or other till he had gone round the Circle. I stepped up to a Chairman, and asked him, if that, meaning the *Great Man*, was not the *King*? The *King*! says the Fellow; What a Pox do you see in his Face that should cause you to think any such thing? He has Ambition enough to be — Here he stopp'd short, and then desiring him to tell me of what Rank or Quality he was, he said, they called him the Knight of the *Cloudy Countenance*, and if I would know more of him, I must have recourse to the *Craftsman*; Are you not acquainted with the *Country Journal*? As
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I did not know but this Fellow might have been one of the *Lyons*, I pretended to be very ignorant, and answered, I never went to a *Cunning-Man*, or *Crafts-Man*, as you call him; and as for my *Journey* to the *Country*, I know every step of the Road as well as any Man in *England*. Thou art one of the greatest *Simpleton's*, says he, that I ever met with; I do not talk of any *Journey*, or *Cunning-Man*, but mention a Paper called the *Crafts-Man*, or *Country-Journal*, write by that Patriot, *Caleb D'Anvers* of *Grey's-Inn*, Esq; in which Paper if you have three Grains of common Sense, you will find that he curries a certain Man's Hyde, and tells some People of their own.

BELIEVING the Fellow to be sincere, I asked him to drink with me, where we might sit in private; he consented, for he had an Hour to spare, and led me to as convenient a Place as I could wish. Here he related to me such strange Things, and disclosed such a Scene of vile Practices, that I could not give Credit to them, till I had them confirmed by better Authority. He talk'd of building a *Palace*; putting in and putting out of Places; *screening* the most profligate and lewd Debauchés; plundering; wasting publick Money; making bad worse; vile Measures taken, and supported by others more vile; amassing infinite Wealth; that ——— was

universally hated, and even they, who had been his staunch Friends, were now ashamed of their Delusion, and began to desert him him by Scores at a time; that a Day of Reckoning would come, and the *Idol*, to whom so much Adoration was paid, would suddenly be cast down from the Precipice, and be trampled on by all Men.

HAVING heard more than I expected, and much more than was acceptable to me, I parted with my Intelligencer; and ruminating on what he had disclosed to me, I walked in a manner *Mechanically*, when on a sudden I was restored to *myself*, by Fellows bawling, *Shoes, Sir, let me fit you with a Pair of Shoes*. To avoid any Rebuff which I might have met with from these rude Animals, and that I might appear a little neater in my Feet, when I came home, than our Country *Crispins* could make me, I determined to go into a Shop (the Place is called *Cranbourn-Alley*) where I was equipped agreeable to my Mind. I had scarce paid for my Shoes, when I was entertain'd with a Scene which gave me much Diversion. The *Clicker* having cut a Thumb-stall for himself, out of a waste Piece of Leather, the Master thought proper to stop two Pence for it out of his Week's Wages. This the *Clicker* resented, and waited only a proper Opportunity of being even with his Master, which presented itself the very Day I went thither. The Master having

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ing urgent Occasion to go into the City, and being unwilling that his Servant should be idle, and yet paid as much as if he had been fully employed, brought two very large Skins of Leather, ordering him to cut them out to the *best Advantage*. The *Clicker* smiled within himself, rejoicing that he had so convenient an Occasion given him, to revenge himself at his Master's Loss and Expence. Scarce had he turned his Back, when to work goes the Journeyman, and cut all the Leather into Thumb-stalls, which he bundled up, and laid on a Shelf. Pleas'd with what he had done, he walked about the Shop, singing and laughing, 'till his Master came home, and asked what was become of the Leather? Being informed where it lay, he took down the Bundles, and to his great Surprize and Vexation saw that the two Skins had been cut into small Pieces. He began to fret and fume, interrogating the *Clicker* what he meant by serving him in such a manner? To this he answer'd, with a settled and demure Countenance, Master, be not in a Passion, I have not gone *beyond my Last*, neither have I cut *large Throngs out of another Man's Leather*. You order'd me to cut the Skins to the *best Advantage*, and I think I have obeyed your Commands; for if you remember, you made me pay two Pence for one Thumb-stall, and if you can sell all these at the like Price of two Pence a-piece, you will get ten times more by it, than if they had

had been cut out into upper Leathers for Shoes.

I could not forbear laughing heartily at the Fellow's Contrivance, and freely declared, that the Master deserved to be thus used for his Covetousness and Extortion.

HAVING satisfied my Curiosity, which had been re-kindled by my Attorney, (for *Attorneys* can enflame Peoples Minds as well as *Parsons*) I prepared to return to my Lodging, and prepare for my Journey next Morning. But considering that my Son and Heir would expect that I should bring him something or other from *London*, I resolved to buy a Set of White Metal Buttons for him, which in our Country would pass unsuspected for *Silver*. I therefore went into *Shoe-Lane*, and purchased that Commodity as cheap as I could; the Tradesman, among other Change, had the Conscience to palm no less than nine of those counterfeit Half-pence, commonly known by the Name of *Hyde-Park-Corner* or *Shoe-Lane* Half-pence on me. I refused to take them; he said, I should have no other from him; I thereupon told him, I would apply myself to a proper Magistrate. But high Words arising, occasioned a Mob to come about us, to whom I related the whole Affair; adding, that I did not know but he was the *Coiner* of that false Money. They took my part, and cried out,

out, *Pull down the House!* *No Shoe-Lane Half-pence*; and I believe they would have put their Design in Execution, had I not used all the powerful Arguments I could think on, to suspend their Resentment, at least for a small time. The Fellow perceiving the Danger, into which he was likely to involve himself, alter'd his Resolution, and gave me *good Money* for the *bad*, which he had foisted upon me before; and having sent privately for a *Constable*, caused the Proclamation against *Rioters* to be read, which dispersed the Mob. However, I had this Satisfaction, that as I went home-wards, the universal Cry was, *No Shoe lane Half pence*; and my Landlord told me in the Morning, that I had put an effectual stop to the future Currency of those *Counterfeits*, which were a grand Imposition on the Kingdom, for there was not one Grain of *Copper* in an hundred weight of them.

F I N I S

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I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines
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